TO COMMENTORDENTS

Prop of the

THE MAIDEN AND THE BEE. "A COTTABLE braned whispering by her hives Telling her beas some nows, as they lik down And entered, one by one, their waxen town;" "Jens Jugelou's " On the Borders of Cannel Chase."

And presently a bee, a great big golden bee, That appeared to be the watch dog of the

treasury, Shot like a ball from out the waxen town, And on the nose of cottager seronely sat him Own, Threuse this liberty, O pretty maid But I have news to tell thee, in return for news of thine."

of thine."
The maiden didn't linger long a whispering to the heat to the heat to the heat that street a frightful galopade, her hair upon the breach that she emitted, as she dasced and pranced and rath, were heard, the religiblers tell ine, clear from Receicha to Dan.

—Cracinnal Enguirer.

TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

Tun sunlight on a waveless sea.

In softened radiance fadeth slowly.
The folded flower, the milat-crowned tree,
Preclaim the gathering wellight body.

It is the hour when Passion bows: A sciemn stillness round as lingers And on our wildly-throbbing brows We feel the touch of angel fingers.

It is the hour when lovers fond.

(For Love its unitive at its breathing)

Prape with fair hopes Life-afrear beyond,
Gay garlands for the future wreathing. It is the hour when in far land,
The wandarer, tired of cesseless reamin
Longs for the vises of kindred hand,
And the dear home enwrapt in gloaming.

It is the hour when it narra hand,
The wandners, tired of censelesse roaning,
American in clain or kindered hand,
American in claim or kindered hand,
Associated hand or content in claim or kindered hand,
Associated hand or content in claim or kindered hand,
International sequer, and so opened the letter and
finite written, and pout it in the envelope.
Then she arose from her chair, put on the
hat and ascence, and so opened the letter and
it is you will only the company of the hand ascence, and so opened the letter and
it is you will not be company.

You need not wonder, "she read, "you will not have watched you with a
you will not be sea breaks and white caps,
and will you as you had hand or her hand or h

the pailior that I will be homes the last of the pailior that I will be homes the last of the pailior that I will be homes the last of last of

e man she thought of marrying was essor Arnold. He was a widower with child, and Sylvia had now been at the shore for two months with them. She had always meant to marry, and any could see that this would be a suitable ma could see that this would be a suitable match. He had position and money, and Sylvialized both, and thought she deserved both. The child, little Josic, was fond of her, and she liked to have the tender little creature depend on her, run after her, and play the ty-

nt over her. When Sylvia reached the beach she found when syvins reached the beach she found Josie busy miking a well in the sand, while Dr. Kennedy walked up and down. His long ulster was buttoned over his sleuder, tall figure, and he wore a lugre blue and white scarf tied over his hat to protect his ears. "Oh, here you come!" he cried. "I have

been watching for you. Just come here, Miss Sylvia. Now look over the water. What do you see?" Sylvia went to him. "I see the waves breaking on the shore," she replied. "It is high tide, but the breakers are not rough. It is a tranquil sea."

It is a tranquil sea."

What else?" he asked—"no ships, no conly water and show."

, no guts; bily water and sky." ow look along the shore." see sand—a long, jevel stretch of gray

"Now look along the shore."
"I see said—a long, level stretch of gray sand."
"And the sky?"
"There are clouds. They are white and many-piled. The sky is soft and blue, and over there," pointing, "the sunset colors are reflected from the west."

"Then," said he impressively, "look at that child! You have not mentioned her—a mere speek of humanity, a creature not three feet high, a small bit of color, red and white; and yet she is all we see between here and Portugal! Think of it! Nearly four thousand miles of space, and hove the only life in sight! Miss Sylvia," and the Doctor's voice despensed, "this is what I call—solitude!"
"Yes," he said, "I do, I like it, as the Frenchman did, when I have a pleasant companion with whom to share it."
"Yer well," said Sylvia, taking out her watch, "life come under that head, I will stay with you fifty-three minutes. By that time Thomas will be ready to sound his gong for supper, and the Preference will be walking on the porch looking for us."
"Suppose, then," said the Doctor, "that we sit down by the anchor. I don't like this wind, and I have a shawl there."
"The anchor, which in the summer was attached to a bathing-line, was now drawn up on the shere, and deeply imbedded in the saud made a smur recess, of which Sylvia was fond. The Doctor hung his shawl won the arms of the anchor, and offered Sylvia the case, tapestried seat; but she, declining it, sat in the open air, and he went far back in the shelter.
"This," he said, "I call comfort! And now Miss Sylvia, when are you going away?"
"In two weeks," she said.
"And the Professor a week after. I shall

You could paint and get new inspirations.

'Stay, Spivia, stay."

'The inspirations would not be of much make the possess. "It is more sheltered, but you can not see the coam."

'The inspirations would not be of much make the possess of the posse

hity-like." our occupation is genteel and laty-like." Don't say 'genteel'!!" cried Sylvia.
"That is a vory good word. Would respectable be any better? No? Well, this is what I meant to siy—a pretty, domestic woman like you ought to get married. In fact, you ought to have been married some time ago."
"How do you know I am domestic?"
"How do you know I am domestic?"
"All Sylvia, alightly coloring, and Igaoring his last remark. "Artists are generally considered Behemian rather than domestic."

Oh, but you are not an out-and-out

"Oh, but you are not an unrand-on-artist."
"Indeed I am?" cried Sylvia. "I haven't much genius, but you don't suppose I spend my life painting tea-cups? I paint pictures, and I exhibit them, and, what is more to the purpose, i sell them."

"I don't doubt it," said the Doctor, "but all the same you ought to get married. There's that child's father; why don't he marry?"

marry?"
"I am sure I don't know;" and now Sylvia

couldn't you?"
"For one thing, I don't care enough for you, and for another I never thought of it."
"Very good. But we will now suppose you might waive the second reason, and I could try to persuade you out of the first. So then, what are your objections likely to be? You can't, for instance, object to my family?"

be? You can't, for instance, object to my family?"

"No," said Sylvia; "to tell you the honest truth, I know nothing about it."

"You don't!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Then 1'll tell you. We are good Quaker stock. We came over with William Peinn. We are in every history of Pennsylvania ever written. If you sak for family, you can't do better. We are an Arch Street Quaker family. I am not poor. I like my professiou, and if I need more money I will practice again. Could you be satisfied with seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars a year?"

"Perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I am not young—I am forty-six; but the Professor is still older, so that point is not to be considered."

"Oh, yes it is "exclaimed Sylvia. "We are not considering this matter relatively;

still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rust here! I want my suswer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chaoes."

"We agreed!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Dr. Kennedy, you are an idot!"

The Doctor laughed at this, and then prevented all further discussion by going into the bouss.

"He certainly won't," said Sylvia to her-self, as, in the evening, she went out on the porch to walk; "but I do wish Mr. Relmer would stop that dresdful old fiddle and go ilt with them.

with me."

"I wouldn't go!" cried Sylvia, stopping and leaning against the porch railing. "I have my own work, my own life, my own interests. Why can't you men understand that?" said the inconsistent creature. "You think all women want to marry. I don't! Perhaps,—I once thought I would, but now,—why nothing on earth would tempt me!"

"You wrong me, Miss Sylvia," said the offessor. "I meant to leave you free. I sant you to have your studio, your own conds, your own pursuits. Had I lived in tw York, I should not have besttated to cak to you; but I did not like to ask you to to Boston, and leave so much behind u."

go to Boston, and leave so much behind you."

"That proves," said Sylvia, who was herself now both excited and frank, "how little inen understand women. Do you suppose I would bestiate to follow any one I loved to the North Pole? Bostos, indeed! Why, I wouldn't have put it in the balance!"

"But see how you excite yourself," said the Professor, "I really don't deserve your wrath. I know that too bold approaches are likely to alarm a sensitive," said Sylvia.

"Oh, I am not sensitive," said Sylvia.

"Pardon me," he repifed, "but you useful, happy life; but Josse loves you so well, happy life; but Josse loves you so well, thought you might consent to become her overness."

"Oh" cried Svlvia, and she walked outek.

least."

"Oh, no. I shouldn't,—that is, I should have had but one answer for you," said Sylvia, quite forgetting her old plans upon this point. "But you ought to proceed more logically and in order. You ought first to have asked me to become your governess, and then you could have tried me in that capacity, and if I saided!—"Dou't sooff," said the Professor. "I am deeply in earnest, and"—"Good-night!" cried Sylvia, darting in at the door as they passed it—"good-night!"

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Jogie; but about

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Jodje; but about noon there was a knock at her door which she answered in person. It was the Doctor.

"I thought, perhaps"—be began; and then noticing her books and dresses on the hed, "By George you are not packing up!"

"Yes, I am," she answered. "Didn't the landlord tell you the news? I have asked for my bill, and I go by the afternoon train."

"Driven away!" ejaculated the Doctor. "By Jove, it is too bad!"

to be considered."

"Oh, yes it is "exclaimed Syivia. "We are not considering this matter relatively; the Professor is not under discussion."

"True enough," replied the Doctor, "that is a fact to be remembered. Well, you think of what I said," and the Doctor got up and began to fold the shawl. "And of course you understand that, although we approach the matter from a practical side, I love you. I should not well to marry a woman to whom I was not attached."

"I will remember," Sylvia replied, taking hold of the other end of the shawl, and helping him to fold it. The Doctor then drew his scarf over his ears. They called Josic, who was busy carrying water to her well, and liberally baptising herself as she trotted hack and forth.

"Now," asid the Doctor, as they drew near the house, and the Professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to Arnold."

"Speak to Arnold."

"Speak to are of the shawl, and near the house, and the Professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

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"Speak to are of the shawl, and near the house, and the Professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to are of the shawl, and nelp-ing him to fold it. The mischief-is I do all the stand here of the same and don't wan't to do."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, and the professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to around of course. Why you don't really mean to go away and leave things in this condition."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, amused eyes.

"But tell me," he resumed, in his usual manner, "you don't really mean to go away and leave things in this condition?"

"What condition?" asked Sylvin.
"You understand. Now see here, Miss Sylvia, I don't want you to treat the Professor badly. You ought to be decently politic to him. And there is Josie—you must not forget her. You ought to answer one of us."

"I have but one to answer," said Sylvia, utting her hand on the knob of the door, and I wouldn't mind being treated with a tile decent politeness inyself."
"Yes, yes," and the Doctor looked a little

little decent politeness myself."

"Yes, yes, 'and the Doctor looked a little blank. 'But somehow I can not realize that I have cut myself off, by being so very considerate. It was rather stupid now, wasn't it?"

"The whole affair is stupid," Sylvia replied. "But won't you please go away, and let me finish my packing? I don't want to be left, and I hade to hurry."

The Ductor put his foot against the door to keep her from closing is. "Tell me one thing," he said, with a good deal of entreaty in his voice: "you are not going to refuse both of us?"

"I am not going to accept both of you."

It is more sheltered, but you can not see the ocean."

"Oh, I den't care for the ocean to-night," replied Svivia, "and I am jest going upstairs,"

"Dan't go yet," said the Professor. "Let me get my hat and walk with you. I have been in the house ocealy all day, and I am tred of house air."

Sylvia beellated. "Very well," she said, "but I can not stay long."

Bo the Professor put on his hat and contand Johned her.

"Shall we not go round to the other porch?" he asked.

"If you do," she answered, "the Doctor will see you and eall you is. It thinks night air had for the neuralgia. "It have no neuralgia. "At hat it would be best for us to be called in."

"No, but he has. I don't know, however, hat that it would be best for us to be called in."

"Do you know, he is a very peculiar person, Miss sylvin."

"He certainly is. But do tell me, Professor, do you believe much in the electric light? I know hitt what will be done. The ocean will be lighted! All along the shore we will have lamps, and all the dim, solarn vaguences of sea, shore, and sky will be lost. Wouldn't the dreadful if Edison should destroy night?"

"He can't destroy sleep if he does. I slept in St. Petersburg with the sum shining at midnight, jours are regularly as at home, list as I was saying about the Doctor." and Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people, and any way I must to talk of people, and any way I must to talk of people, and any way I must to talk of people, and and cout as the same color as the Dostor in the same, and all that stuff, and beer with the same her so wis under the same color as the Dostor in the same, and all that stuff, and beer with over red. "I thought you were going to be was the same color as the Dostor in the same, and all that stuff, and beer with the form the said. I the same the same color as the Dostor in the same, and all that stuff, and beer will the same the same color as the Dostor in the same will the protor in the same. The said the Doctor in the same the same color as the Dostor in the s

Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people, and any way I must so in."

The Professor gently laid his hand on her arm, and sylvia at oner shock it off.

"Mass Sylvia," he began, "between usnot from my choice, I beg you to acknowledge—you are, I can understand, in a position trying to a person of sensitive temperament."

"I am sleepy," said Sylvia, "if that is what you mean.

"A better person than Felix Renneddy does not live," the Professor continued, "but he is hasty. I like to move slowly and with caution. I consider my action, I act with ludgment."

"But I are sleepy," said Sylvia.

"Do not prevarieste," said the Professor.

"Believe me, you had better listen is one," and I don't want you to lose it because you can't swim ashore when an accident takes place. I can swim like a solutuse as Reintedy senins to think, I mould be a very obluse man indeed, Miss Sylvia, who could live with you and be insuible to your charming nature."

"Yes I dare say," said Sylvia. "Why I never had the lenst four," she explied. "There is always some because they were a ledy of fall overboard."

"No one wants to depend on heroes. Of course, I'd jump into the water to reach a lady."

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"No one wants to depend on heroes. Of cour ery time you move your arms."

She went through the motions several times, but so awkwardly that he called

out: "That isn't the way! The motions ought to be perfectly natural. Now imagine that you are out on an excur-

44 Yes. " "You lean over the rail to view some floating object."
"Yes."

"Yes."
"You suddenly grow dizzy and tumble headlong into the river. Now what motions would you make as you rose to the surface? What would you do?"
"Well, if a hero jumped in after me I'd lean my head on his shoulder like this and let him put his right arm around my waist and support me until help arrived."

"I couldn't, ch! Then I won't learn you a single stroke about swimming!" "Then you needn't!" "And if any man ever jumps over-board and rescues you I'll punch his head!"

obard and rescues you I'll punch his head!"

"And if you ever jump in after any-body I know I'll have to pay their funeral expenses out of my share of this property!"

"Very well," said Mr. Hopkins as he

"Very well," said Mr. Hopkins as he put on his coat, "I see I'm not wanted in my own house. If I am not home tonight it won't do you any good to telephone me at the office, for I shall have the wire grounded!"—Detroit Free Press.

Order on the Farm.

Many farmers fail in making their farms profitable for want of order. Whether on a small farm where the work is all done by the owner, or on a large farm where several hands are employed, there must be an early and a regular hour for rising in the morning. Each hand or man should know the evening previous just what he is to do in the morning, and if possible for the entire day. If chores are his first em-ployment, then he can go at them with-If he is to use a out waiting for orders. team, he can have it fed, curried and harnessed ready. The wagon or implement he is to use can be oiled and in ment he is to use can be often and in place ready to hitch to. The proprietor must make stories short with common callers, and yet courteous. He can also by a judicious system and study of the situation encourage any superior or am-bitious help to excel in their labors. Be always at home to direct, aid, and counsel in all departments. Discourage all careless and loose practices. Striv to cultivate and continue a good feeling between laborer and employer. Have stated times, and rigidly enforce them, for meals, for milking, for commencing the regular work and for retiring from the field. Make the farm produce su-perior crops, and raise the best stock of all kinds. All kinds of produce of the garden, orchard, vineyard, dairy or farm should be put up honestly, but in the most attractive style for market.

If business or pleasure take you from If business or pleasure take you from the farm, let the family know the pre-cise hour you will return. And let them by your punetuality know that your engagements are reliable. Make all worthy hands, or boys on the farm, or, female help in the house feel that they are your agains in sighty and they are your equals in rights and respectability. Order, harmony and punctuality are important for success in any enterprise.—Iowa State Register.

A Bad Drink for Ladies of Fashion.

Ir is related that a Rochester (N. Y.) who recently went to Avon Springs with a pionic party found herself in an unpleasant predicament. The party reached the springs and were enjoying themselves sipping the waters, etc., when a friend of the lady in question discovered a remarkable change coming over the features of her companion. Her face began to assume a mottled appearance, black and white alternating. She was asked if she was sick, and re-plied in the negative, but her face be-came so discolored that her friends in-

PITH AND POINT.

SHITHINGTON, who is forever realing sattrillactions, who is forever reening out the same old yarn, explains by any-ing that he has always heard that one story's good until another one's told, and he doesn't propose to spoil his by telling another,—Hoston Transcript.

With a pair of lovers are sitting alone in a parlor conversing about love and other sentimental things, the suddenness with which the young man changes the subject to domestic economy when the lady's paternal parent enters the room almost makes the young man's collar button fly off.—Binghamton Republican.

"Ir I paid this bill," said the patient

"Ir I paid this bill," said the patient debtor, "you wouldn't have anything to do." "Oh, yes," said the creditor, "I would lie down and rest while I had my boots re-soled." Then the patient debtor paid it. With a note, we think: we can tell in a minute, just wait till we look. Yes, It was a note.—Hambeye.

When the indulgent mother calleth her son she gently and in high soprane notes screameth, "Charlie-e-! Charlie-e-! Charlie-e-! Charlie-e-! But Charles cometh not nor doth he give the sound a thought, but gooth about the business of his play. But when his sire, enraged at the dilatory motions of his offspring, calleth quickly and sharply, "Charles Frederick histleth homeward with alacrity, merely stopping by the way to insert the cover of his oets spelling book where it will de the most good.—New Haven Begnater.

Well, Hannah, isn't it nice to be screened up in good shape?" remarked Mr. Smiley, as he drow up his chair to the breakfast table, "We get plenty of light and cheerfulness and no files Just think, Hannah, no fil—I declare there's one little cuss of a fly on the sugar bowl; but never mind; what's one fly? Hello, there's another angel of destruction dipping his wings in the milk, and there's one wading in the butter, and there's one wading in the butter, and there's two more trying to pass themselves off for blueberries in this pie. Hannah! You are to blame for this. Here are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—yes, Hannah, I presume there are nigh onto a hundred flies right here in this room. What is the use of screens, Mrs. Smiley? I will take 'em' out and sell 'em for old junk, and let the flies have free course here and spoil everything, yes I will." And as he brandished the carving knifs in the sir a fly tickled his nose in high giee at the prospect for his brothers on the outside.— New Haven Register. WELL, Hannah, isn't it nice to be New Haven Register.

---The Flags of France.

has had many, from the blue clonk of St. Martin, adopted in 498 by Clovis as his standard. There were a number of devices for centuries, the red flag of St. Davis, also those of white and blue, each inscribed with various emblems. The white flag reased in 1790 and on Oct. Davis, also those of white and blue, each inscribed with various emblems. The white flag ceased in 1790, and on Oct. 20 of that year M. Menon's proposition to make the tri-color the flag of the navy was adopted, Lafayette some time previously having induced the Paris Commune to accept that combination. On July 17, 1789, the tri-color was blessed at the Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, each of the flags then distributed bearing the words: "Discipline and Obedience." According to Peiffer it would appear that the tri-color originated with Louis XVI. himself. He says that in 1784 he invited forty farmers to dine at Court, and when they had been seated he bade the courtiers present, including one Bishop, "to take napkins and serve our fathers." In memory of this event a trophy was erected bearing the effigy of the King above representations of the three estates, the nobility by a noble in silver and white, the clergy by a Bishop in red, and the commoners by a farmer in blue. The Restoration brought back the white flags strewn with lifes and ornamented with the escutcheon of France, the cagles being replaced with spear-heads. These colors were pre-France, the eagles being replaced with spear-heads. These colors were pre-sented by Louis XVIII. and his brother marked with Talleyrand, when asked how many oaths he had taken, "This is my thirteenth I hove it with the sale of my thirteenth—I hope it may be the last." The Commune of 1830 adopted a black and red flag, but in three days t was replaced by the tri-color, and or Aug. 19 of that year thirty-two flags were given to 60,000 of the National Guard by Lafayette, who received them from Louis Philippe. A Gallic cock surmounted each of these flags. There have been various other distributions of flags, from that of the Provisional Gov ernment on April 23, 1848, to that of The Emperor Napoleon III."

Silk Handkerchief Dresses.

THE novelty introduced late in the senson is the Parisian costume made of handkerchiefs of silk about the quality of thin Surah or foulard. At present they are imported by the modistes only, and are not seen in the large furnishing stores. Several of these dresses have been sent to Newport and other seaside resorts, where they are said to rival the Jersey suits as the conspicuous novel-ties of summer wardrobes. The best qualities are twifled and soft like Sp qualities are twines and and the center of the handkerchief is usually changeable, while the border is stripes or plaids made up of the colors of the colors are the colors. stripes or plates made up of the colors that are mingled in the center. Odd contrasts are also used in these colors; thus red is made to change with dark blue or green, or pale blue combines with old gold, while violet and buff are together. Sometimes a Scotch plate border times a Scotch plaid trims a handkerchief of solid The way of making these dresses is also quaint and old-fashioned, and they are worn with a great deal of lace about the neck, wrists, and front of the cor-sage. The pointed waists are shirred in the front and back to the ends of the long sharp points, and there is also full-ness shirred on the shoulders. A fichu collar of the silk adds still more to this appearance of fullness. The large silk handkerchief is then cut diagonally, and one of the three-cornered pieces i attached on each side, making a point far below the hips, while a space is left in front for the shirred point of the

Our Young Folks.

GOING TO WORK.

Commalong, for the work is ready;
Rough it may be—rough, bough and hard;
But—fourteen years old, stout, bold and
stout,—
Life's game's beginning, lad. Play your
card. Come along.

A FEW facts about the flags of France

"You could cut us both a piece."
"I have a knife here on the stand.
This is the best cake I've had since I've been sick. It does taste so good!" said
Mrs. Barns.

Mrs. Barns.

"Bidget makes very good cake," said

"Bidget makes very good cake," said Brownie, while eating a piece. "Do you have our doctor?"
"I don't know whether we have the same one or not. What is the name of your doctor?" asked Mss. Barns.
"Oh, he is des named Doctor. He has got white hair, and gold on his cane. But I wouldn't 'vise you to take his med'cine. Sister says his powders

ber."
"I will certainly take you with me, Brownie, the very first time that I am able to take a ride." "Has the minister been here to see you yet?" Brownje asked.

you yet?" Brownje asked.

"No: I guess he don't know that I am sick." replied Mrs. Barns.

"That's 'cause you didn't send him word." said Brownie, earnestly.
"Mamma says when you are sick. If you want your min'ster to comed and see you, you must send him word; 'cause he ain't 'spected to know who all is sick in a church des as full as full. He prayed, too. Our min'ster is des the best Christian! We all like him."
Brownle then took the knife and

Brownle then took the knife and handing it to Mrs. Barns, said: "I think we could both eat another

well, my manma made it all bran new for her, and crimmed it with blue crimmings, and it des fits her as nice as nice can he." Brownie then laid her hand on Mrs. Barns' head, and while fondly stroking her hair, said, in a pleading tone: "Please 'vite little Chickery, this time, too."

Come along.

Mother stands at the door-step crying:
Well, but she has a brave heart, tho:
she'll try to be gind—there's maight like terlity
she's proud of naving a sen like you.
Come along.

Young as she is, her bair is whitening:
the nas plowed through sess of corow deep,
when she looks in your face her eyes seem
betistlening—
On, sheme, if ever you make them seep!
Come along.

Bravo, lad! How the brown cheek flushes!
Ready is do as much so you can?
I have always faith in a boy that bipshes—
None will blook for him when he's a man.
Come along.

Harper's Batar.

BROWNIE'S FIRST CALL UPON THE
SICK.

A PEW days age Brownie was sitting
on the floor quietly playing with her
loys while her mamma was talking with
two hadles, when her attention was suddenly arrested by hearing one of the
ladies say:
"I understand that Mrs. Barns has
been quite sick."

Brownie immediately thought of the
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Brownie immediately thought of the
ladies say:
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Brownie was half-way down the
distance to became
doubly interested. She thought she
ought to go and called nove her sinter.

"Mrs. Barns, you mush' be good to the
ladies, when lie chiek grow
"Who is Chickery, Brownie, billed bit of anything. And she sin't nover been
wited to a purty in all her live to anything. And she sin' time, too. "Who is Chickery, Brownle?"

two weeks before; and as one of her sisters had just recovered from a three weeks' likess she at once became doubly interested. She thought she ought to go and call upon Mrs. Barns, as so many had called upon her sister when she was sick.

She sprang up, and was just about to ask her mamma's permission when it occurred to her that beer mamma had repeatedly told her she must not interpretatedly told her she head to the kitch.

In Philadelphia an estimate was made of the accidents were as follows:

Killed by the discharge of cannon, guns and justedly told by the discharge of cannon, guns and juste

Looking around, she saw a child standing in the doorway. She could not imagine who it was, for the hat quite covered her face and shoulders.

Brownie set the cake on the floor, and, while holding up the broad rim of the hat in front with both hands, said:

"I comed right in, you see. Sister said our door-bell was a perfec nuisance when she was sick, so I spect yours is, too."

She then took up the cake, and, setting it on Mrs. Barns' lap, said, smilingity:

"I bringed you a cake for your sickness."

"Well, Brownie, this is very kind of you," said Mrs. Barns.

Brownie sat down on a hassock at Mrs. Barns' feet, and, looking up in her face, said:

"I squite time that our boys and young men asked themselves seriously concerning this matter, "Does it pay?" is the delight of making a noise—a taste which we share with the macaw and the ape—enough to compress all over the country? Is for this annual slaughter of life and happiness all over the country? Is for this annual slaughter of life and happiness all over the compress to order to the compress to there no more sational way of celebrating the National birthday?

A city clergyman, before the last form this parish to form an Anti-Powder Association. The money which they would have spent on crackers, powder, pin-wheels, etc., was put in a common fund, and an excursion or smile to the seashore, to which each contributor had the right to invite one poor little child chosen by himself. The day was a happy, merry one; as lapy for the children who gave the unwonted pleasure to the forlorn little waifs, as to those who received it. Instead of death and suffering, the holiday brought a breath of life and health, and the erpoyment of Heavenly charity to them all. and the enjoyment of Heavenly charity to them all.

If children continue to abuse the day, it is because grown people neglect to show them a better way to keep it than by this senseless, dangerous hub-bub which custom has sanctioned so long.— Fouth's Companion.

Besleged by a Bear. A few days since G. W. Colby, the sented by Louis XVIII. and his brother to the troops Sept. 7, 1804. On June 1, 1814, Napoleon and his brother gave the eagles back to the troops, who swore henceforth never to recognize another rallying-point, and to defend the emblems. But on March 27, 1816, Louis XVIII. distributed his white flags again, and truly an old soldier might have remarked with Talleyrand, when asked how many onths he had taken, "This is the solong as about it Manuary gave and the prominent rancher of Nord, had an adventure in the mountains which gave proof to the saying that bear-hunting is all right so long as you hunt the bear, and gold on his came. But I wouldn't 'vise you to take it wouldn't 'vise you to take it may be my marked with Talleyrand, when asked with Talleyrand and Talleyrand and Talleyrand and Talleyrand and along a splendid gun, some dogs and plenty of ammunition. For two or one."
She then stooped down, and, while picking up some crumbs of bread, said, "Are you going to take a ride as soon as you are able to get well?"
"Yes, I want to go out riding as soon as I possibly can."

"I possibly can." "Are you going to take a ..."
as you are able to get well?"
"Yes, I want to go out riding as soon as I possibly can."
"Well, I'll tell you des what to do," said Brownin. "You go to the livney is stable, right by the Mefdis Church, and I stable, right by the Mefdis Church, and right by the Mefdis Church, and I stable, right huge "varmint" making straight for him. He instantly dropped his gun and shinned up a small sapling with all the agility of a monkey. The bear had him treed, and after snulling the dead non treed, and after stuffing the dead body of its mate he gave some frightful yells and came to the tree and camped for the night. It was a case of siege, and things looked squality. The night was cold and dark, and Mr. Colby's powas cold and dark, and Mr. Colby's position was anything but agreeable, but he froze to his elevated perch like grim death to the negro. He was kept there all night and well along into the next day, when his tyrant became frightened at something and left for the brush. Mr. Colby at once left the spot and now looks for smaller grows. looks for smaller game. - Chico (Col.) Enterprise.

The Khedive in Exile.

handing it to Mrs. Band.

"I think we could both eat another piece of cake; don't you?"

"Without the least difficulty," answered Mrs. Barns, smilleg.

While she was cutting the cake Brownie got up, and, leaning on Mrs. Barns' shoulder, said:

"Have you had to have a muskard graft on the back of your neck yet?"

"No. Brownie, I have not."

"You better be glad. You wouldn't like it pratty good. Sister says they burn awful! But if the doctor says you must have it on, it won't do says you must have it on, it won't do says you must have it on, it won't do says you must have it on, it won't do says you must have it on, it won't do says you for you to cry about it. You'll the Highbeas will almost certainly invite you to partake of 'his frutainly invite you to pa burn swful! awful! But if the doctor burn swful! awful! But if the doctor says you must have it on, it won't do says you must have it or, it won't do says you must have it ory about it. You'll time His Highness will almost certainly good for you to cry about it. You'll time His Highness will almost certainly invite you to partake of 'his frugan too, that when you have a doctor says to have it. any good for you to ery anoual des have to have it. Mamma says, and paps, too, that when you have a doctor you must do des what he tells you to."

Brownie then picked up the hat, which she had thrown on the floor when the name in.

This "leads all Francisco, choice wines and an exquisite dessert, all served in a style of lordly loxnry. The servants wear rich liver-the name in."

But there is no and the vessels of crystal and porcelain are the vessels of crystal and porcelain are on the shere, and deeply imbedded in the said made a sung recess, of which Sylvia was found. The Dector hung his shaw was found. The Dector hung his shaw say from the arms of the anchor, and offered when the said support of the said sheet in the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no was found. The Dector hung his shaw say form. Errispy the Dector would spot the arms of the anchor, and offered when the shelf turned to go herself, but the potent when the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle doubt make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle doubt make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle doubt make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle doubt make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no make an umpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the herself, which is narrow in the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no maked an unpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the herself which is narrow in the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no maked an unpire of her, and ask har for ingle of the herself which is narrow in the shelf turned to go herself, but the shelf the help is not in the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no the shelf turned to go herself, but there is no the shelf turned to go herself, bu get's. It is too large for me; but that don't make no diffuence. I deas I'll go chef'd curves of art. But there is no home now. Oh! are you going to have home now. Oh! are you going to have another party for little children again?" another party for little children again?" body does and says what he likes. For